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The Other Side.

Let us quote the Germans against Germany for a brief moment. While the pan-German clique is storming its applause of the Russian coup, there is a substantial element of Teuton opinion which refuses to accept the Junker triumph at its surface valuation. We do not refer to the antimilitarist groups in the Reichstag, but to certain, eminent students of realpolitik, who see a fundamental error in the present German policy towards Russia.

Here is what Capt. Salzmann, military critic of the Vossische Zeitung, says:

"Germany too late began to realize that the day might come when the United States and Japan would see that war is not always the most profitable way of settling differences. Germany's Russian policy has played the game brilliantly for Great Britain and the United States. In the same way Germany has increased Holland's debt of gratitude to Great Britain.

"It should have been Germany's game to earn Holland's gratitude by guaranteeing her the safe possession of her East Indian colonies, but instead of that she cemented the Anglo-Japanese alliance and delivered the Dutch colonies from Japanese pressure southward by opening the door to Japanese enterprise in Russia.

"Only the most limited intelligence can believe that the break-up of Russia will be to Germany's advantage. The true results of Germany's Russian policy already are patent in the lessening of the differences between Japan and the United States, and the cementing of the Anglo-Japanese alliance and the consequent security of the Anglo-Indian and Australian colonial possessions, as well as the Dutch and French colonies in Southeast Asia.

"The consequences are that Germany again finds herself without friends in the world, while Great Britain laughs in the background."

The Frankfurter Zeitung declares that the breaking up of Russia into a number of independent states is a bad policy for Germany, and urges that the greatest tact and prudence be used in dealing with the border states so that they will not "in the future sigh for a reunion with Russia and become so many thorns in Germany's side.

"Clearly the entente policy is to use the Japanese alliance to shove Germany out of Asiatic markets forever. Germany played their game by breaking up Russia. Germany now has no more hope than ever of being able to conduct a Far Eastern policy except in conjunction with Great Britain and Russia. That is why a weak Russia will not contribute to Germany's ultimate welfare."

These opinions are not derived from the Liberal, Socialist, or antimilitarist press, which naturally would oppose the callous annexationist policy to which the war lords of Germany now are committed. They are from the imperialist organs, pointing out with far greater clearness and incisiveness the new dangers confronting Germany than could be found outside of the central empires. As a matter of fact, it is impossible to find in the German press any high-flown paeans of triumph over the turn of events in Russia. The invasion is recognized not as a magnificent conquest, but as the great hazard of the war, upon which the militarists have staked the fate of the empire. It is the culminating expression of the German will to power, of military lust; but some of the clearest and soberest brains in the nation seem to look upon it with misgiving.

The action of the Soveits in confirming the peace pact need not create any disappointment on this side of the Atlantic. The mills of the gods may safely be left to grind slowly in Russia. In time they are going to grind exceedingly small.

Daylight Saving.

The passage of the daylight saving bill by Congress means that the nation will witness a most interesting experiment.

The proponents of the measure have made remarkable estimates of what it will mean in increased energy to the United States—for instance, it is estimated that with this help the war gardens of the country, not to mention other lines of activity, can this year raise the equivalent of all the food needed for six months by an American army of 1,000,000 men.

The extra hour of daylight which will be available under the bill means that in seven months of twenty-six working days each, our "city farmers" will gain a grand total of 546,000,000 hours—or almost 200,000 years of time. And this estimate is made on the basis of only 3,000,000 war gardeners—although there is certain to be many more than that this coming summer.

If this is what it means to war gardens alone, it would be interesting to find out what it means in other lines of activity. Assuredly the daylight saving bill is a war measure of the first importance; provided it works out properly. And there is every reason to believe that it will.

Another 57 Varieties.

Fifty-seven lunchrooms in New York City—instant service cafes, cafeterias and one-armed chair eating places—were closed on Tuesday because of violation of the Food Administration's rulings regarding the "less" days. The proprietors of these places refused to censor their menu cards on Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Saturdays, but offered beef, wheat and pork seven days a week.

Perhaps the owners of these places are not wholly at fault. It may be that their customers are of that brand of Americans who refuse to let the war interfere with their comfort. If so, both suffered by the enforced layoff, the restaurant through losing a day's business, the customer through being forcibly deprived of the forbidden food on one day at least.

The punishment is mild. We of the United States have not yet been called upon to make any supreme sacrifice for the men who have gone to the other side to do our fighting. It has all been too easy. Perhaps this is why the rank and file of the American people do not yet realize that we are at war.

The "less" days as laid down by Mr. Hoover have worked hardships on nobody—they have hardly been uncomfortable, and those who violate this mild food censorship should be shown that they have no place in the scheme of things today.

But there may be a more drastic punishment in the closing of guilty lunchrooms for one day than appears on the surface. To a number of Americans the closed door on Tuesday will be regarded as a thing of permanence. In the future they will pass that door on all days.

The Greatest Thing in the World.

You've got something that's all your own—your personality. You can't give it away, nor can you exchange it for another's. You influence others through this peculiar power of yours, but it always remains your own. Indeed, in the very exercise of this power you strengthen and more firmly fix it. So true has this been in the lives of men, that the mere mentioning of the names of well-known individuals suggests certain peculiar characteristics. Caesar, Napoleon, Gladstone, Lincoln, Grant, remind us not so much of what they did as of what they were.

Therefore, what a man is, is of more importance than what he has accomplished. It is this by which he will be longest remembered. And this applies not only to the great men of the world, but to those who walk in the humbler places of life. Conduct is important, but character is more important. For what a man is will determine what he will do.

We cannot get away from this great fact—that every man stands absolutely alone, just as though he were the only man in all the world. While we may sometimes think "en masse," and work in multitudes, and pray by regiments, and sing in battalions, and trade by corporations, nevertheless, there are times when the individual stands out alone and when his selfhood asserts its existence. This brings with it tremendous responsibilities, but it also has its compensations.

The greatest thing in the world is a man. Not a crowd of men, but just a man. Made in the image of God, with His attributes, with His spirit-breathed life and power, that man may gaze at the mountains and feel that he is greater than they. He may look out upon the seas and say: "I am your master."

Because of this, we may take courage. The thought of it should "brace up" that chap who is down in the dumps. It should straighten up the back of the fellow who has been a drudge so long that he has forgotten that he is "a son of the King," with all the royal heritage of his Father.

Has somebody deprived him of his rights? Then by all the powers of his Father's kingdom, let him stand up straight as a real man, and win back that which is his by virtue of his relationship to the Creator of all.

But he can best do this by becoming more like a royal son of God—he'll never do it if he lives like the son of Beelzebub, the devil.

A Reinforced Concrete Ship.

Thursday afternoon at Redwood City, Cal., the steamship Faith was launched. It was the first ocean-going reinforced concrete steamship built in America.

This is the age of concrete. If anyone had told you even a dozen years ago that ocean-going steamers would be built of reinforced concrete you would have been like the engineer of the Westward Ho train. When an Indian lassoed the iron monster he was dragged for a mile or so. The engineer remarked, "Redman, I admire your nerve, but damn your judgment."

And in the waters of the Pacific there lies at anchor waiting the machinery the hull of the first reinforced concrete steamer. Soon it will be riding the waves and defying the submarine. With a timber and steel famine, perhaps in the concrete ship we will find a substitute out of which to build our merchant marine.

"The devil is a smart guy," Billy Sunday told his Chicago audience. But at that, a lot of Chicago men can teach him some new tricks.

A company of the American troops on the Lorraine front recently raided the enemy's lines without landing a prisoner. This report does not ring true until we are told that the Germans ran too fast.

We are going to be rich—tomorrow. We are going to be happy—tomorrow. But all our tomorrows are built on today. If we are ever going to be rich and happy, we must begin to plan and to work now—this very minute.

In the Ontario Parliament a bill has been introduced to allow a married woman's housekeeping allowance to be considered her personal earned income, for the purpose of franchise, as it is contended she is worth at least $400 a year in her capacity as housekeeper.

Not Quite So Near.

Speaking at a dinner, Representative Frank L. Greene, of Vermont, said that curiosity does not always compel one to hang around when something unusual is going on, and told the following story as an example:

Recently a witness was called in a shooting case, and questioning eventually established the fact that he had heard two shots fired in rapid succession.

"Where were you, Mr. Smith," asked the examining lawyer, "when the first shot was fired?"

"On the sidewalk just about ten feet from the prisoner," answered the witness.

"Ten feet, I see," continued the lawyer. "And where were you, Mr. Smith, when the second shot was fired?"

"As near as I can recall," responded the witness, "I was two miles down the pike."—Philadelphia Evening Telegraph.

His Friend.

By EDMUND VANCE COOKE.

"I had a artificial friend," said Uncle Ichabod,
"That some folks thought peculiar and some others thought him odd.
He had the most surprisin' wig, the which he used to wear,
And it was so blamed nacheral it grew dandruff in its hair.

"And then his artificial eye, it also had some class,
And when he went to bed he allus put it in a glass,
But if he'd have pathetic dreams, a-troublin' while he slept,
The tumbler would run over with the tears that glass eye wept.

"He also had some artificial teeth and I've heard said
They'd work as well outside him as they did inside his head.
So all night long them teeth of his just chewed and chewed and chewed,
And earnt him money makin' this here 'pre-digested food.'"

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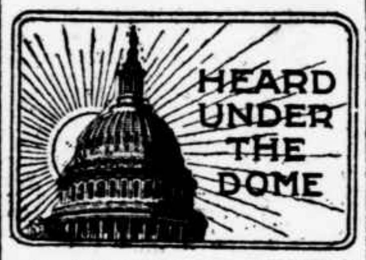
All the Ammunition Doesn't Come From the Powder Factories



If three years ago an investigating committee could have taken hold of the American railroad situation, with the same wisdom and the same aim as the Senate Military Committee took hold of the War Department investigation, we would have been much better off as a nation.

For an investigation into details and into larger activities would have disclosed the glaring weaknesses of our American railroads. There would have been shown to our more or less startled gaze some of the things we have been wading through blood to learn during the past four or five months.

We know now that the Gibraltars of industry, many of them, were nothing, but forts of pasteboard—they looked strong from without, but within were weak and tottering.

Out of all this the nation must now reconstruct the transportation system. And most of the bad spots we must remedy as we run the lines—a task no one would want on the spur of the moment, even in peace times.

Our only hope is that the work will be bolstered up by a loyal and energetic lot of employes. Any road or all of them are only as strong as the employes who serve them are strong, in the aggregate. This law is irreconcilable to any other condition. Roads fail if the employes strength, as a whole, falters and gives way. And roads thrive only as the employes are loyal and energetic and thoughtful of the public which they are serving.

National ownership, viewed in this light, might not prove the panacea some of the members of Congress think it would. In fact, there are a number of substantial arguments why private operation, regulated discretely and firmly, would be vastly more pleasing to the public than its ownership and operation of the roads.

Lester B. Barlow, of Philadelphia, makes startling statements with regard to the aircraft program. In a word he says:

"Our aircraft program has fallen down—the Ordnance Department and the Signal Corps are fighting each other, and many of the men at the head of the latter are disgusted and discouraged—and out of it."

Here again we say turn on the light of publicity, and turn it on quickly. Are we to be taken off our feet now with this kind of a recital when we had suspected, under the surface, that all was well and that the air program would be capable of achievement within a short time? Let America know what the trouble is. Let us have the truth and all of the truth. And let us punish the men who have misled us and made us believe that everything was going along nicely.

Mr. Baker has always been so cocksure about things, but a recent happening put him on the defensive before he could say aye, yes or no.

Sometime ago, in response to questioning from a military committeeman of the Senate, he told just how a trench cooking device had been turned down and why it was not fitted for service in France.

But when a man accosted him on a Pullman car going South a few weeks later, and finally wormed his way into Baker's confidence and showed him the actual device and explained it to him, the War Secretary said:

"Extraordinary, extraordinary. Why didn't you come to me before with this?"

"I have been at your office three times, and each time was sent elsewhere. And I've been since last October trying to get the government of Uncle Sam to see the merits of this device," was the reply.

"That's queer," the Secretary declared with apparent astonishment. "When I get back to the office please see that one of these is on my desk."

This was done—and the man finally got promises that the device would be taken to France with the Secretary and given a trial. But it was the same device which Secretary Baker talked so knowingly about on the stand before the military committeemen, but which he proved to be surprised over when he really saw one and had an opportunity to hear its points discussed.

It shows—oh, what's the use, gentle reader, you know what this shows, don't you?

Dr. Charles Eaton, head of the national service section of the Emergency Fleet Corporation, comes to the defense of the Shipping Board with a sturdy article in which he lays much of the blame upon the American people.

He makes it known that the apathy of the American people is to blame somewhat for our imperfect shipping arrangements, and he adds that our leaning toward pacifism likewise had much to do with retarding our effective entrance into the war and our effective handling of war work after we actually entered the fray. He thinks we have dallied along too much with our labor problems and have reached a point now where labor has a strangle hold upon us and is liable to tighten it unless we do the bidding of labor.

The article shows a keen study of the situation, and particularly the labor side of it. The doctor is to be commended for his frankness in telling the American people what is wrong with them. He perhaps is to be forgiven for this. We think he has done some slight service in this respect, although it hurts to have him break the news in connection with this dispute. There are phases of the doctor's article which show plainly that the war will not end our trouble. We will have to wade through some very acute problems before we get our ship business on a proper plane. We may have to survive a gruelling disciplining of our laboring men—and we may have to put our people through a course of education which will seem to them like pill-swallowing seems to the sixth grade youngster.

THE OBSERVER.

A LINE O' CHEER EACH DAY O' THE YEAR

By John Kendrick Bangs.

IN PROPORTIION.

I know I'm not a statesman of the type of Washington.
I know I cannot do the things that Edison has done.
I know I cannot pen such lines as Billy Shakespeare writ,
And when compared to old Mark Twain, God knows I'm not a wit.
But with the tools that I have got—they're mighty small and few—
I go about my daily stunt, and all I can I do,
And while I'm not renowned as those who wear the diadem
I'm just as great for little me as they are great for them.

(Copyright, 1918.)

SAFE MORALLY IN FRANCE.

"Don't worry about my morals," wrote a Neosho County soldier, from France, to his mother. "I could have more fun in the county jail at Erie, than I am having here."

OPHELIA'S SLATE.

Special correspondent of the Washington Herald.

New York, March 15.—The pygmy anteater has arrived at the New York Zoological Park. The pygmy is colored buff and gray, works nights only, walks with the assistance of four feet, one tail and one snout with which he registers indignation.

He eats ants coming, going or hesitating and longs for an even more simple existence than Omar. He asks nothing more than an ant, a bough, no alcoholics and a bit of privacy. To say that he has no more interest in the reader than the reader has in him is failing to tell the reader the worst.

Aside from his utterly unpatriotic appetite the most noteworthy characteristic of the pygmy anteater is his love of quiet. Placed at Broadway and Forty-second street he would be as self-conscious as the postmaster of Branford, Conn., though probably not as pale.

There is a reason for this, too, for the little anteater is so amusing when angered that any zoological authority having any authority whatsoever delights in tickling, poking and tweaking the nose of the diminutive creature. As a result the diminutive creature regards all zoological authorities as the lowest of the low.

The pygmy anteater when touched, places his litle paws before him and makes no sound. In this respect he differs from the metropolitan hard-boiled egg, who, when touched, puts his big paws in his pockets and gives off a loud roar of explanation.

The anteater in his native haunts of British Guiana is unburdened by ambition, minds his own confounded business and, as is customary in such cases, usually dies in the mud.

In his cage in New York he mopes around longing for a white ant or the descendants of the white ant who nowadays are either black with rage or brown from study. If the reader cares to learn more about the pygmy anteater trains are leaving now and then for the East and it would be better to run over and see for yourself.

The new theater of Harry Kemp, the tramp poet, has been opened down where the serious thinkers thrive. There were no programs. Kemp announced that programs were an insult to the intelligence of the audience.

"If you haven't enough intelligence," said Kemp, "to understand my play without a program, go elsewhere and get enough intelligence to come to my theater."

Kemp introduced each actor before the play and each one had their own special curtain. He explained how one actress had pawned a ring for $35 to get her costume. Kemp's brother-in-law was the bugler because a union musician would have cost too much. The first play was in verse and the second one was "The Prodigal Son," which protrayed Kemp's idea of what really happened when the son got home.

The new theater has no reserved seats or ushers. Women may smoke and so may the men. The orchestra leader didn't wear a collar. The first night audience was as interesting as a Metropolitan first night.

Seen around the town: Sign in a barber shop: "Conserve Gas and Help Win the War." A Broadway detective buying a microscope. An opera singer auctioning off a patriotic little girl's hair in the lobby of a hotel. A former dancing star holding down a cashier's job in a white-tiled restaurant. A load of hay passing along exclusive Park avenue. A man who looked like Kaiser Wilhelm selling Thrift Stamps for a war charity. A department store floor-walker with a court plaster beauty spot on his forehead. A Columbia professor trying not to laugh at a Charlie Chaplin film and failing dismally.

GOT THE "BUG JUICE."

An Illinois boozer has been hoist to kingdom come by his own petard. He lived in a local option community and, not liking to use the word whisky, telegraphed to a friend on the outside to send him some "bug juice." This friend was a literal sort of cuss and sent him some poison used by florists to kill insects. Without tasting the stuff, the thirsty one took a good, long pull at the bottle and died before the doctor could get it out of him

Walks & Talks With John D. Barry

Those who know the work of John Galsworthy cannot have been altogether surprised at his refusal of a title. They must have associated it with the human sympathy and social understanding shown in his work. Though, unlike Wells, he does not profess to be a Socialist or a radical of any kind, and though he is intimately related to the more conservative life in England, he is nevertheless one of the most radical among living writers. He is too fine an artist to be a propagandist. He contents himself with interpreting life as he see it and feels it. In this way he doubtless reaches a far greater variety of readers than he could if he were identified with any particular cause.

That genial romancer Anthony Hope Hawkins, might have been expected to accept the distinction. From his point of view there was no reason why he should reject it and every reason why he should accept it, among the others the possession of an American wife who would take a very natural pleasure in being addressed as Lady Hawkins. Some years ago even that brilliant mocker of aristocracy and of all privilege, W. S. Gilbert, could not resist the opporunity of becoming known as Sir William.

But Galsworthy is of sterner stuff. There is something fine in his preferring to keep his name in its democratic simplicity.

It is really such a distinction in England to have a title? It is becoming the fashion to speak disparagingly of recently acquired English titles, partly because so many brewers have been knighted and partly because there is a fairly general realization that mere business success and knighthood have become a little too intimately related. Moreover, there have been suspicions of unmerited favoritism in high places.

Nevertheless, English titles of all kinds, like titles the world over, even Russian titles, have kept their appeal to the imagination. Here are people set apart. Their titles are constant reminders of a certain superiority, either real or alleged.

And how people do love to be different, if the difference can by any interpretation be associated with distinction.

"I suppose when I go to your democratic country that I ought not to use my title. You rather laugh at titles over there, don't you?" I once heard a scholarly gentleman say as he talked to a group of Americans in a European city, a man with great ability as a lecturer, planning to make an American tour.

We were all rather astonished and, without a dissenting voice, we advised him to make as much use of the title as he possibly could in his endeavor to secure engagements.

He came to this country and he had a huge success, a far greater success than he could have won without a title as an untried speaker in spite of his unquestionable gifts.

He rather enjoyed the humor of the situation.

Some astonishment was expressed in England not so many years ago when successful actors were given titles. This breaking away from precedent reflected both the well-known love of the theater felt by Edward VII and the changed attitude of the English-speaking public toward theatrical artists. The Bancrofts, Henry Irving, Beerbohm Tree and George Alexander, personally gratified as they must have been, must have been further gratified by the public recognition paid to their once-despised calling. But it was interesting to see that in their appeal to the public, those of them that still remained on the stage avoided using their titles for publicity purposes.

When Irving came to this country after being knighted it was as plain Henry Irving. With his fine sense of fitness he knew that the display of a title would be absurd, in spite of the appeal to democratic playgoers.

When Mme. Modjeska made her first appearances in this country she was persuaded to draw on all her resources in order to establish herself as an American actress. So, besides being billed by the name she had made famous, she used to be announced as the Countess Bozenta, the name she derived from her husband, a modest Polish gentleman of literary tastes and reduced fortunes. Soon, however, she dropped the title, just as soon as she was firmly entrenched in the affections of playgoers on account of her talent and charm.

In England, as in the Continental countries, there has long been an intimate relation between dramatic art and the aristocracy, not always creditable, however.

Many distinguished English families have actresses of great or small renown in the family line. It was an English wit who first popularized the saying, "Actresses will happen in the best regulated families."

Some of these marriages proved to be very successful. The most notable in modern times was that of the brilliant Helen Faucit, the Ellen Terry of her day, who at the height of her career, left the stage to become Lady Martin.

Galsworthy has been unjustly criticized for refusing the honor of knighthood.

It is characteristic of him not to make a point of his refusal, not to convert it into an opportunity for exploiting either himself or his theories as a man less fine might have been tempted to do. His reported comment has a characteristic sound: "The fact is I've a very strong feeling and conviction that literature is its own reward."

What is the meaning of the words? Is it not that a man who is able to interpret life in literary art has one of the greatest of all privileges, the privilege of doing creative work that is a joy in itself and that makes life worth living?

AMUSEMENTS.